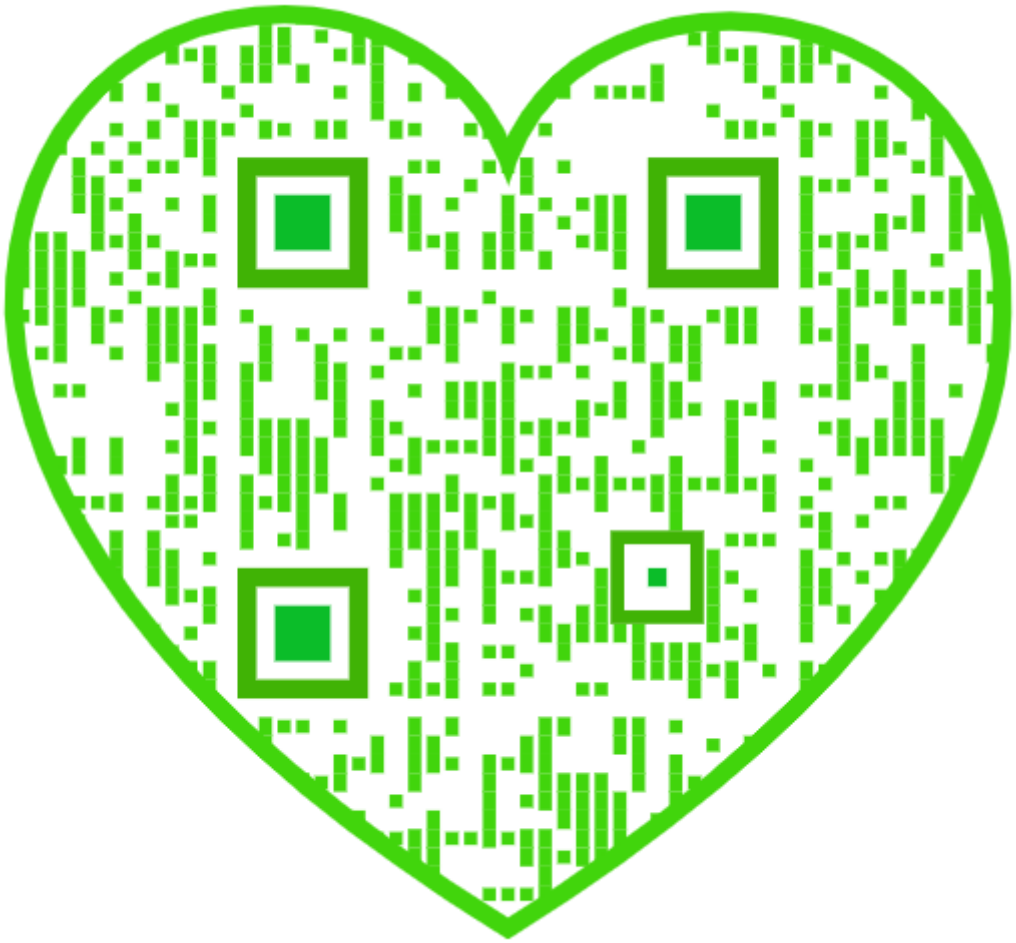
THE NEW SLOAN READERS

SECOND READER

KATHARINE E. SLOAN



NEW SLOAN READERS

CONTAINING A COMPLETE COURSE
IN PHONICS

SECOND READER

BY

KATHARINE E. SLOAN

FORMERLY PRIMARY SUPERVISOR OF THE SOUTHERN
OREGON STATE NORMAL

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PREFACE

THE New Sloan Readers is a three-book series of method readers designed to develop, in the shortest possible time, by the simplest and most direct methods, the independent power to read. Special attention has been given to the phonetic system so as to make it extremely simple, complete, and accurate in accordance with the laws of our language.

The content of the series has been prepared with care, so that its reading value has in no point been sacrificed to make the phonetic system mechanically perfect. The reading matter is rich and varied, and covers the forms of expression that children read with pleasure and profit.

THE SECOND READER

THE Second Reader seeks to establish the child in the independent power to read for thought. The simple phonetic system developed in the series is completed in this book. Through extended practice in resolving words into their natural units and through frequent, systematic exercises in word-building, syllabication, and in pronouncing words, phrases, and sentences, the phonetic power is made the basis of thought reading.

Charming lessons in story and poetry make up the reading content of the books. They offer the opportunity for drill in appreciative and expressive reading.

Thanks and acknowledgments are due to the following publishers, who have kindly granted permission for the use of copyrighted material: to *Little Folks* for "A Riddle," "Baby Wave," "Dolly's Washday"; to *The Youth's Companion* for "The Flag Goes By"; to Miss Lilian Dynevor for "The Ferry to Shadowtown." The selection from Celia Thaxter is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!" — HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

JACK'S BOAT

the	these	they	thy
this	those	thine	there
that	thus	thee	with
than	then	them	bathe

This is the boat
that Jack made.
These are the fish
that came in the boat
that Jack made.
These are the men
that caught the fish
that came in the boat
that Jack made.
They like to fish — just see
them now — fish in the
boat that Jack made.

There is the flag, with its pretty red stripes, that floats from the boat that Jack made.

Then, *hurrah* for the flag, with its pretty red stripes, that floats from the boat that Jack made!

Jack's little boat went sailing,
Went sailing o'er the sea.
And Jack, — he was the captain.
A captain brave was he.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! See how we float!"
Said Captain Jack, the brave.
"Sail on! sail on! my little boat,
Nor fear the biggest wave."

WORD DRILL th

thick			heath
thin			sheath
thing	THIMBLE		be-neath
thump	thank	south	width
thigh	think	mouth	cloth
throw	throat	faith	fif-th
thrash	throne	lath	seven-th
thrift	thrush	path	ten-th
thrust	thrive	bath	bathe
thrill	three	Smith	gath-er
throb	teeth	Ethel	to-geth-er

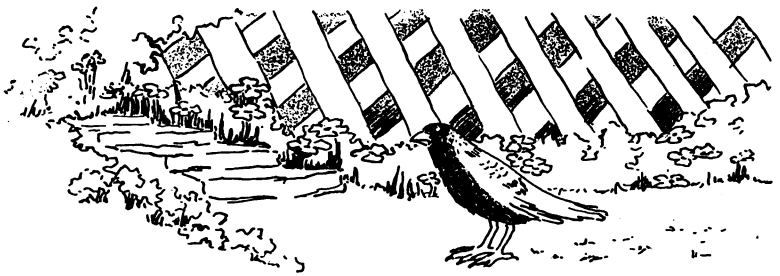
Nail these three thin laths to-geth-er.
Do not throw your play-things about.
The *ice* is three inches thick.
Baby Ethel has three little teeth.

LITTLE BROWN THRUSH

Ethel and Faith are giving the birds a treat. They are throwing grain and seed along the path for them.

See those three bold little fellows! They hop quite close to Ethel. One is a brown thrush.

Last year a little brown thrush came each day to bathe in our fountain. Then he sang a sweet song of thanks to us.



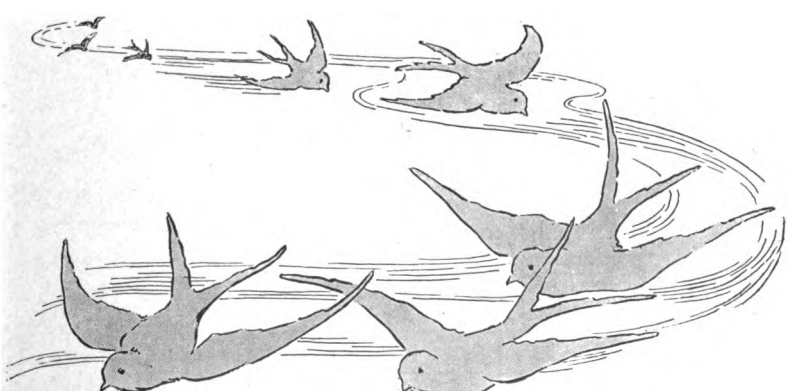
BOBOLINK

There is Bob-o-link hopping along the path. He is not as gay now as he was in nesting time, when his quiet little brown wife sat on her nest, thinking of those five, spot-ted eggs be-neath her. There she sat, a happy little queen on her throne. Bob-o-link, in his gay coat, was as proud and happy as she. So his little throat would swell and throb with his quick, merry chee! chee!

But now his song is a low clinking note. He is thinking about flying south.

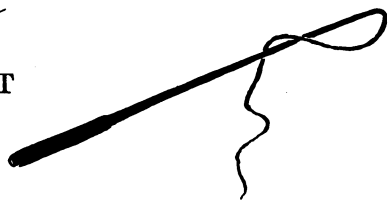
Bobolink, Bobolink,
Fly away, dear!
Cold winter is coming.
I feel it is near.

Fly south, little birdie!
Don't tarry here long.
Old North Wind will catch you.
I hear his shrill song.

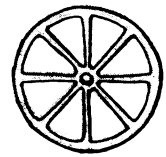


WORD DRILL wh

WHEAT



WHIP



WHEEL

why	which	when	whack
whip	whim	where	whale
whiz	whine	what	whoa
whiff	while	wheel	whether
whisk	white	wheat	whisper

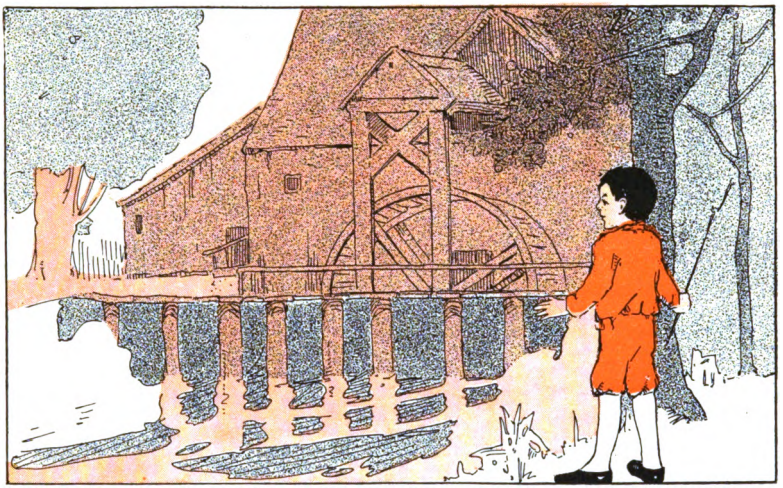
Whiz! goes the wheel, grinding the wheat.

Where did you see a whale, Frank?

Which wheel is painted white?

What did you do with my whip, Blanch?

Please hold my wheel while I mount.



THE MILL STREAM

"Where are you going, pretty stream? Why do you run so fast?" said Frank. "I will run with you, to see which way you go."

So Frank ran along the bank of the stream.

He saw some leaves floating down the stream.

"You pretty leaves! You look like little boats. I hope you will not sink," said Frank.

He met some cows going to drink at the stream. Then he saw a little twig floating along.

"I will get that twig," said Frank. "It will be fun to chase it! What a fine whip it will make!"

In a little while the stream came to a mill wheel. Oh, such a big wheel! Round and round it went! It made the stream white as snow.

It sang a loud song. "Whiz! whiz! whiz! whir! whir! whir!"

This is what the song says: "I help to grind the wheat! When the wheat is ground, it will be pretty, white flour!"

Whizzing and whirring, the big wheel goes! Frank tries to catch the chaff as it goes flying past.

The mill wheels are going around and around,
Clip clap, clap clip, clip clap!
And glad is the miller to hear this odd sound,
Clip clap, clap clip, clip clap.

"*Ha, ha!*" he is laughing and singing with glee,
As round the fans flip flap!
"My good mill is grinding right well now, I see.
Keep on, my brave clip clap!"

ẽr . . . her

ĩr . . . bird õr

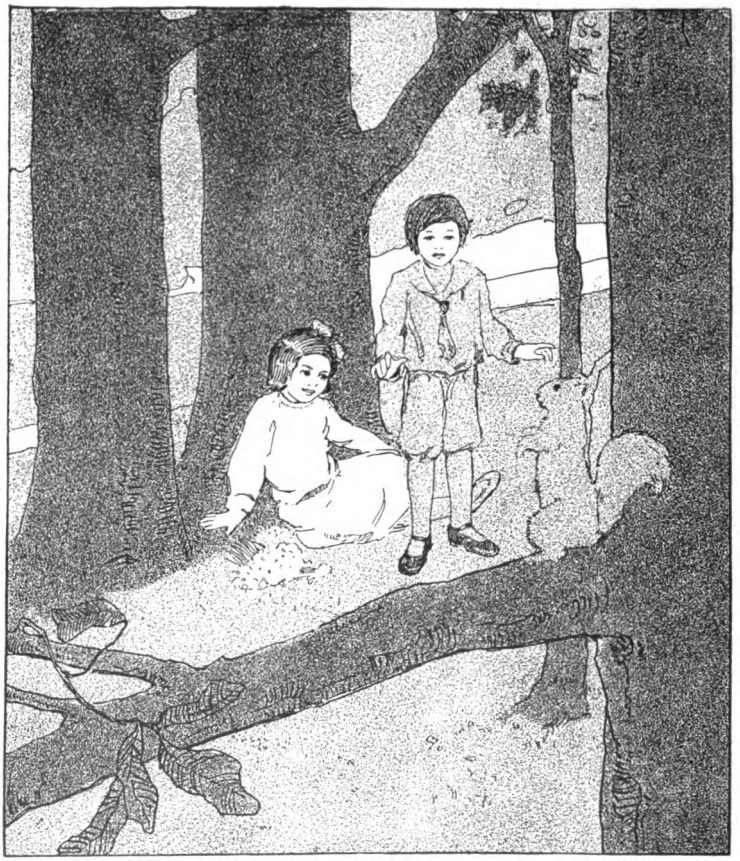
ûr . . . burn work

word

her	sir	bur	worm
fern	stir	fur	worse
stern	fir	purr	worth
term	first	blur	world
pert	firm	turn	worthy
herd	girl	churn	worship
jerk	twirl	burn	——
perch	whirl	burnt	earn
were	third	burst	pearl
herb	thirst	hurt	early
berth	dirt	curl	earth
nerve	shirt	surf	learn
serve	skirt	turf	heard
verse	birch	church	search

GENERAL REVIEW AND ẽr

supper	whisper	quicker
butter	chapter	longer
lobster	tower	thicker
cracker	freezer	browner
toaster	thunder	pinker
sweeper	mower	cheaper
sister	binder	dryer
flower	teacher	louder
river	banker	kinder
steamer	hunter	gayer
lantern	printer	older
powder	painter	richer
ladder	singer	damper
silver	dealer	brighter
copper	camper	milder
rubber	waiter	blunter
lumber	tinker	number



TWO LITTLE SQUIRRELS

Winter is over. The daisies and but-ter-cups are here. "Come out and gath-er wild flowers, Sister," said Bert.

Then Sister, Bert, and Rover went along the bank of the river. They had a happy time gath-er-ing ferns and wild flowers. Then they sat down to rest under an old oak tree.

After a while, they heard a queer little sound. Rover did not seem to like it. He began to whine.

"Why, Rover! What is the matter?" said Bert. "You must be braver than that. When I am older I mean to be a hunter. A hunter's dog must be brave. Now lie down and keep quiet."

But Rover ran off to chase a but-ter-fly.

The queer sound came again. Bert went to the *o*ther side of the tree.

There sat two little squirrels. As Bert looked up at them, they began to chatter louder than ever.

"Per-haps they are hungry," said Bert. "I have some pea-nuts in my pocket. I will scat-ter some around. Then we will sit still and w*a*tch."

So Bert and Sister sat per-fect-ly still.

The squirrels would come half way down the tree, perk their little heads this way and that, then scamp-er back and chat-ter away to each *o*ther.

After a while, they became bold-er. They came nearer and nearer to the nuts. Then each took one, and sat up to nibble it.

One squirrel was bolder than the

*o*ther. He ran over Sister's lap; took a nut from her hand; then ran up and sat on Bert's sh*ou*lder.

When the squirrels had eaten all the nuts they ran up the tree, sat close to-geth-er, and began to chat-ter.

Bert said they were trying to thank him. I think so, too. Don't you?

THE SQUIRRELS' HARVEST

Chatter, chatter, little squirrels,
Busy as can be;
Laying in your winter store,
In yon hollow tree.

Well you *k*now, dear little squirrels,
Summer will not last;
And of nuts you'll need a-plenty,
Ere the winter's past.

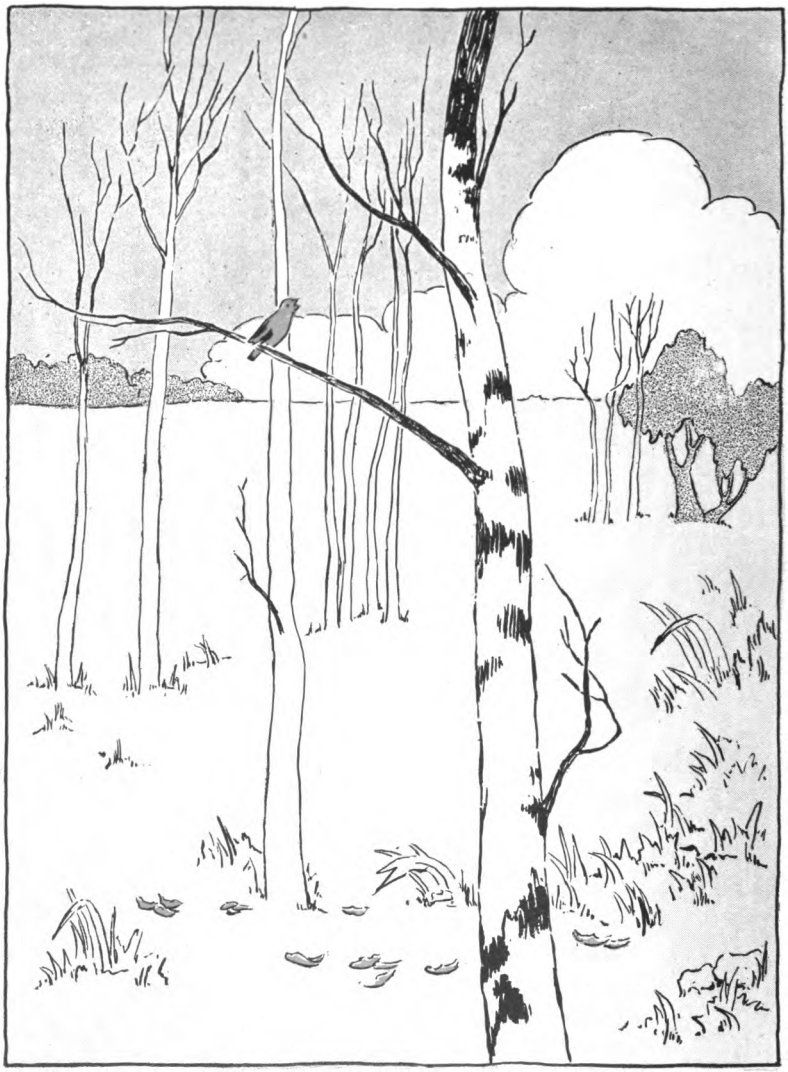
GENERAL REVIEW

quilt	told	whine	drill
quaint	gold	whisper	shod
jerk	vase	whale	tower
chain	vine	shine	thicker
couch	powder	shears	drink
ink	cure	those	sleepy
link	mule	banker	mink
ring	term	thrush	lucky
bring	shore	these	year
sprang	tied	south	drying
berth	cried	clerk	daisy
clown	after	crying	silver
hungry	than	sandy	coax
black	feast	yonder	hitch
perch	pansies	cramp	spray
throne	frame	grain	chapter
throat	lumber	never	scold

WORD DRILL ĭr

sir	bird	chirp
stir	third	bird
fir	thirty	mirth
first	thirst	girdle
firm	girl	thirsty
squirm	whirl	firmer
birch	swirl	whirling
skirt	twirl	chirping
squirt	dirt	shirking
shirt	shirk	squirming

A sudden little gust of wind
In mirth began to frolic.
The little fir made quite a stir.
The birch began to shiver.
The little bird sang chirp, chirp, chirp!
The leaves whirled to the river.



THE LEAVES HAVE A PARTY

Here is a pretty birch tree. A little bird is sitting upon the tree.

He is looking at the leaves upon the ground. "Poor leaves! They cannot fly," said the bird. "I will sing to them."

So the kind little bird sang his sweetest song to the leaves.

Just then a little leaf by his side began to flutter.

"Chirp, chirp!" said the bird, with a jerk of his pert little head. "What is the matter, little birch leaf?"

"I want to go down to my sisters, sir! They are going to have a *party.* Here comes Miss Maple, in her bright red skirt! And there is Miss Oak, in her pretty yellow dress."

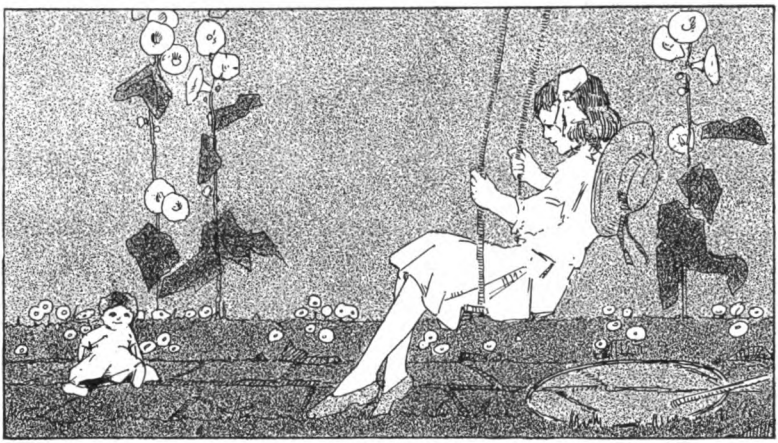
With a twist and a twirl, off came the little leaf. Whirl, whirl, whirl, she went, down to the ground.

Then the leaves on the ground began to stir. First one leaf began to whirl. Then they all went whirling and flying about. Past the fir tree, down to the river, they went.

THE LEAVES

"Leaves of crimson and gold and brown,
Fluttering, fluttering, fluttering down;
Playing your games of hide and seek,
Over the pavement and *through* the street.
Tell me, oh tell me, if you *k*now,
Why you keep whirling and whirling so."

— (Abridged) DOFFY.



SWINGING

Swinging in the garden,
On a summer day.
Don't you think that this is
Very *pleasant* play?

Rising high and higher,
Down again so low;
Swiftly now, — then slower,
Back and forth we go.

glad-ly	Nellie	be-fore
neat-ly	Willie	be-hind
shy-ly	kitties	be-yond
faint-ly	ladies	be-neath
firm-ly	daisies	be-tween
slow-ly	stroke	be-low
bold-ly	stroking	be-long
sweet-ly	squeeze	de-lay
kind-ly	squeezing	de-clare
loud-ly	scrape	de-mand
light-ly	scraping	de-light
brave-ly	use-ful	re-ply
lone-ly	cheer-ful	re-quire
swift-ly	thank-ful	re-quest
mild-ly	grate-ful	re-peat
quick-ly	power-ful	re-store

WORD DRILL ur

URN

bur		dis-turb
cur		bur-den
fur		bur-lap
purr		pur-ple
spur		tur-tle
blur	hurting	tur-nip
curl	burn	tur-ban
furl	turn	tur-key
hurl	churn	sur-prise
hurt	surf	mur-mur
curt	turf	pur-chase
spurt	purse	pur-pose
Turk	nurse	fur-ni-ture
burst	fur-ther	tur-pen-tine
curb	fur-nish	Sat-ur-day
church	stur-dy	churning

HOW SEEDS TRAVEL

Summer is over. The flowers have finished their work. They have packed their little seed boxes, and these are ready to travel.

Seeds like to travel. Can you tell why, and how they do so?

Have you ever seen a maple seed whirl and twirl about, as it fell to the ground? Or have you seen a pod burst open, hurl its seeds out, then curl up and wither away?

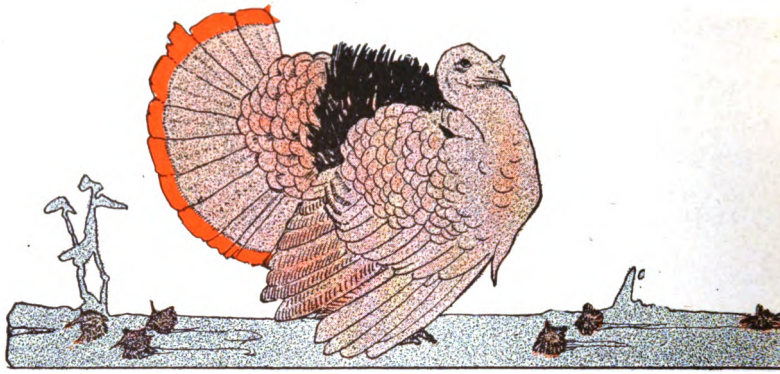
I am sure you have seen how the

dan-de-li-on and the pretty purple *thistle* seeds travel.

Here are some burs. What prickly coats they have! Let us watch and see of what use they are to the burs.

Here come Bert and Rover. They step over the burs. Now look at Rover's tail and Bert's stockings. Some of the burs have begun their travels.

Here come a little girl and her kitty. They brush against the burs. Some cling to the little girl's skirt, and some to kitty's soft fur.

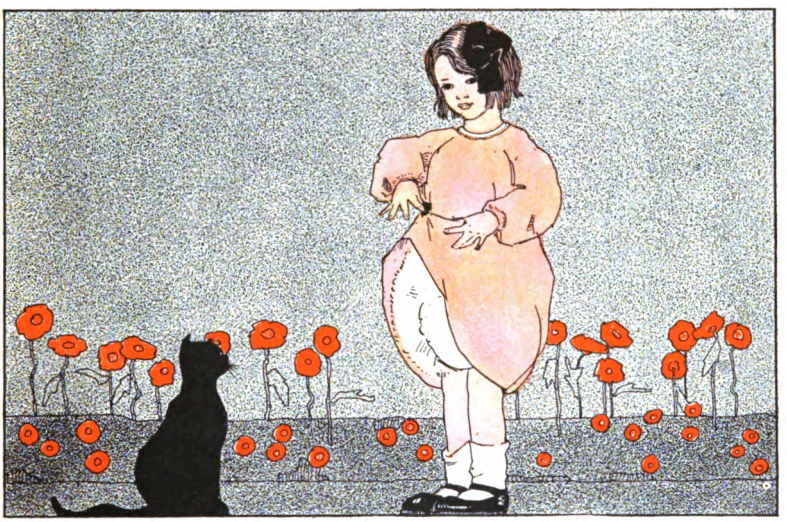


Bert soon saw the burs on his stockings and on Rover's tail. He picked them off, and left them on the path.

"Oh, dear!" said one bur, "How the sun does burn! I am afraid I shall burst open before I get any further. Then that old turkey gobbler will eat my seeds."

"Yes," said the other bur, "or that pert little bird that keeps saying chirp, chirp to us."

And that is just what did happen to them.



The little girl with her kitty went on down the lane. After a while they sat down under a birch tree, to rest.

The little girl said, "Turn round, kitty. Let me get the burs out of your fur. Do they hurt, Kitty?"

"Purr, purr," said Kitty.

The burs had such a firm hold of Kitty's soft fur, it was not an easy matter to get them out of it. But at last they were out. The little girl tossed them away.

"Thank you, little girl," said the burs. "This is just the right spot for us. No one can dis-turb us here."

So each kind of seed, using the means *Mother* Nature gave it, will do its best to find a cozy bed for its long winter nap.

Here it will sleep until

"The alder by the river
Shakes out its powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls."

—(Quoted from) CELIA THAXTER.

MAKING BUTTER

Out under the birch tree, what fun you
will see!
The churn is there waiting for Bertha
and me.
We girls at the churning will each
take our turn,
And make you some butter so yellow
and firm.

First, stir the cream well; then the dasher we'll turn.
How it whirls, and it twirls the rich cream in the churn!

Work swiftly the dasher — now high and now low.
We like to make butter. We make it just so.

Old bossy looks on, from her bed of soft ferns.
She gave the rich cream which the swift dasher turns.

Ah! kitty! You're here, in your coat of gray fur!
Singing your soft little song, "Purr, purr!"

Just roll yourself up like a chestnut bur,
On the soft, green turf, and do not stir!

Stop w*a*tching that pert little bird, Kitty Gray!
He's a wise little bird, so I've *heard* folks say.

From his perch in the fir tree, so safe and so strong,
He ends his "Chirp, chirp" with a burst of gay song.

Out under the birch tree, all this you will see,
Till our firm pats of butter we serve up for tea.

REVIEW SUFFIX ed

d	t	ed
banged	cracked	landed
nailed	checked	waited
snowed	perched	lighted
wheeled	winked	floated
played	chirped	blinded
plowed	crouched	spurted
roared	yelped	shifted
churned	bleached	counted
rolled	coaxed	quilted
whirled	jerked	bolted
frowned	squeaked	crowded
soured	furnished	seated
sighed	thanked	twisted
squeezed	brushed	weeded
cleaned	reached	chatted

WORD DRILL ôr

or	thorn	cord	for-ty
nor	scorn	Lord	for-tune
north	cork	sort	for-mer
for	fork	short	or-gan
form	stork	snort	formed
storm	horse	re-tort	stormed
corn	mor-sel	torch	cor-ner
horn	or-der	scorch	hor-net
morn	bor-der	tor-por	tor-ment
forming	morning	sorting	scorching

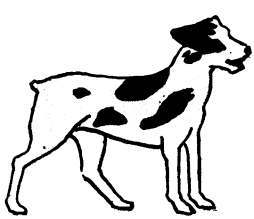
Sound the horn. Light the torch.
Form in line. Storm the fort.

Thus the boys played "Storm the fort,"
With sticks and stones of every sort.

THE FARM YARD

This is the cow,
With the crumpled horn,
Milked by the maiden
All for-lorn.

This is the rose,
With prickly thorn,
Worn by the maiden
All for-lorn.



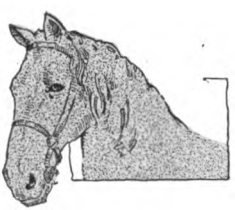
This is the dog,
With tail so short,
That tor-ment-ed the cat,
And made her re-tort.

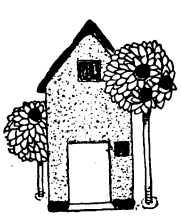
This is the rat,
Aroused from his tor-por,
That to taste the malt,
Had to bore thr*ough* the mor-tar.

This is the cock
That crowed in the morn;
Eating his sup-per
Of yellow corn.

This is the man,
All tat-tered and torn,
Feeding the cock
That crowed in the morn.

This is the horse
Of Mr. Dorn,
The name of the man,
All tat-tered and torn.





He had a stable
Of lumber formed;
To shel-ter the horses
When it stormed.

FINAL le—l

mid-dle	nim-ble	lit-tle
fid-dle	thim-ble	brit-tle
rid-dle	hum-ble	an-kle
can-dle	tum-ble	un-cle
han-dle	crum-ble	tin-kle
cud-dle	ta-ble	twin-kle
hud-dle	sta-ble	stee-ple
sad-dle	ruf-fle	sim-ple
pad-dle	muf-fle	dim-ple
bun-dle	shuf-fle	rip-ple
trun-dle	cat-tle	ap-ple
ped-dle	bat-tle	ea-gle
med-dle	rat-tle	bu-gle
nee-dle	bot-tle	dan-gle
nib-ble	bee-tle	tan-gle
peb-ble	set-tle	sin-gle
bub-ble	ket-tle	shin-gle

WORD DRILL är

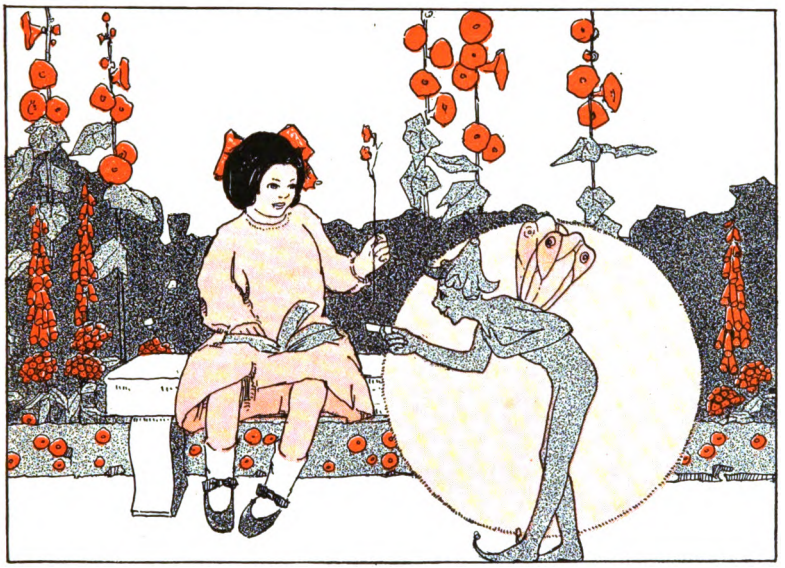
ARM

bar			arch
far			march
jar			parch
car			starch
scar			army
tar	ark	card	party
star	bark	hard	par-lor
spar	dark	lard	car-pet
char	hark	yard	mar-ket
art	park	barn	gar-den
cart	spark	yarn	har-bor
dart	lark	harp	scarf
tart	mark	sharp	art-ist
start	farm	harsh	tar-get
chart	harm	marsh	far-ther
smart	charm	Carl	ar-mor
starting	a-larm	snarl	lark-spur

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
*Troop*ing all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's f*ea*ther!

—William Allingham.



THE FAIRIES' DANCE

Martha is out in the garden. She has been reading fairy stories to Mark and Carl. Farmer Green called Mark and Carl to go to market with him. So now Martha is all alone.

She picked a long stem of lark-spur and waved it to Mark and Carl until

the farmer's cart was hidden from her by a sharp turn in the road. Then she returned to her fairy story.

She was looking at the picture of a tiny elf. "You darling little elf!" she said. "I wish I could see you fairy folk *dance* some fine night."

Then a queer thing happened. A little elf stepped forth from one of the lark-spur blossoms. He bowed low to Martha, held out a wee, wee card and said, "The Fairy Queen invites you to our party to-night."

Martha was startled, but she smiled and said that she would be charmed to go.

"Thank you," said the elf. "When the stars come out, I will return for you." Then he stepped back into the

lark-spur, which closed its petals over him.

Martha sat and watched the sun sink be-hind the hills. It spread a bright carpet all over the orchard, and painted the farm house red.

Pretty soon bars of scarlet and gold shot across the sky. This told Martha that darkness was not far off.

Then a little star peeped forth. "Come out, little stars," said Martha. "Twinkle and sparkle away!"

Martha felt a little tap on her arm. It was the little elf. He held out a tiny scarf, woven from mist and moon-shine, and said, "The Queen asks that you wear this at the party to-night." And he laid it on Martha's arm.

Then, what do you think happened? Martha felt herself shrink until she was the same size as the little elf.

The elf said, "The Queen has sent her body *gu*ard to es-cort you to Fairy-land. I am their captain."

He bl*ew* a sharp note with his tiny horn. You could hear it a yard off. And then, from every lark-spur blossom, a merry little elf stepped forth. Each wore a bright scarlet coat.

"Form in line! Mark time, march!" said the captain. "Fire-flies, light your lanterns," he said. Then hundreds of tiny sparks were seen darting about; and off started the little elves.

Pretty soon the captain said, "Yonder is Fairy Land!"

Oh, dear! How very beautiful it was! It would take far too long to de-scribe it all to you.

Be-neath a rain-bow arch, on a rose-bud throne, sat the Fairy Queen. She was sur-round-ed by fairies, fays, and elves of all sorts.

She wel-comed Martha to Fairy Land. Then, together, they tripped out under the rainbow arch, into the ring of moon-shine.

An army of wee fairy folk followed the Queen and Martha. The tiny harpers tuned their harps. The cow-slips and blue-bells rang out a silvery chime, and the dance began.

How those fairies, fays, and elves did dance! Light as thistle-down

they whirled on their tiny toes. The merry little elves chased the dainty fays in and out of the ring.

The fairies were having such a merry time, they did not see how pale the moon-light was be-coming.

Hark! What is that? It is the song of the lark! Day-light is coming. "Away, away!" cried the Queen.

And then the but-ter-flies and moths
Spread out their scar-let wings,
And bore away the fays and elves
From dance and moon-light rings.

And where was Martha? She found her-self back in the garden, sitting under the very same tree, the lark-spur blossoms lying in her lap, and Mark and Carl standing by, smiling down upon her.

WORDS IN WHICH ea = ĕ

head	breath	health
lead	death	wealth
dead	heavy	feather
read	ready	weather
bread	deaf	leather
dread	sweat	pleasant
thread	threat	heaven
spread	meant	meadow
cleanse	in-stead	bed-stead

GENERAL REVIEW

formed	scorched	corded
burned	heaped	painted
growled	soaked	minded
stormed	sneezed	tor-mented
served	leaked	toasted
strayed	corked	squinted

WORD DRILL â

bare	share	air	ere
care	scare	fair	there
dare	stare	hair	where
fare	snare	pair	pear
hare	ware	lair	tear
mare	flare	stair	bear
rare	glare	chair	wear
pare	square	Clair	swear
spare	de-clare	fairy	their

Pare the apple. Share it with Clair.
Run up stairs. Get me a chair.

Airy Fairy, quite con-trary!
How *does* my lady fare?
Of lily bells and cockle shells
She really has more than her share.

LITTLE CLAIR

Fair hair, feet all bare
Pat-ter-ing up and down the stair.

Dirt pies, made with care;
Offers you the big-gest share.

Brave hun-ter, playing bear;
Un-der-neath the par-lor chair.

For his kitty setting snares;
Taking *pussy* un-a-wares.

Running with her to his lair,
Swift as any little hare.

Playing *soldier* on the stair;
Standing firm to do and dare.

Wants an air-ship fill-ed with air ;
Made of some-thing that won't tear.

And of ponies needs a pair.
These with sister he will share.

Even-ing comes, and we de-clare
For his bed he must pre-pare.

Kiss-es *many* and to spare,
Gives to all with smile so rare.

Bows his little head so fair,
Lifts his hands and lisps his prayer.

"God bless mamma's little Clair.
God bless children every-where."

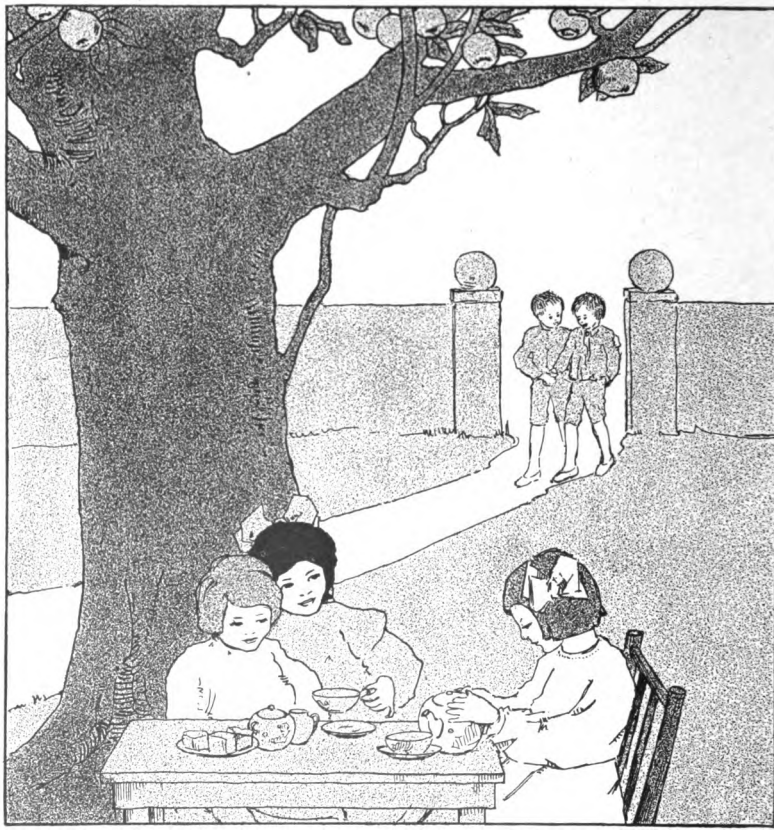
LONESOME DOLLY

What is this I see on the stair?
It's little Jane's doll, with golden hair,
And one of little Jane's shoes, I declare!
Who will tell where to find the pair?
Where is this little girl so fair,
Who owns the doll I found on the stair?
Perhaps she is playing in the fresh air —
Out in the yard, with Rover and Clair.

Playing out, on a day so fair,
Is fun for Rover and Jane and Clair,
But little dolly looks lonesome there.
I think she, too, might like some fresh
air!

Why!—Who is this, asleep in my chair?
With five little toes, all pink and bare,
And only one shoe,—which makes the
pair,
With the little shoe I found on the stair.

The little sleeper, in
the chair,
With rosy cheeks
and curly hair,
Is my little Jane, I
do declare!
Tired with playing on the stair.



GRANDFATHER'S HELPERS

Here is a fine old farm. These little folks, Martha, Daisy, Mark, Carl, and little Clair, are here for the summer.

Hark! The larks are singing out in the orchard. The soft turf is like a carpet.

The girls have a little square table and some chairs under the big apple tree. Bertha is going to pare some apples for supper. They all play out in the fresh air until nearly dark.

The boys like to play in the big barn. They have a workshop upstairs.

Carl found a pair of wheels and a big square box. He and Mark are going to make a little cart. They will take the butter and eggs to market in it.

Mark thinks the duck pond is the best part of the fun. There he likes to sail his boat, "The Fairy Queen."

Little Clair's part of the fun is to wade in after the "Fairy Queen."

Good-by, little folks! Have a happy summer.

"Little lads, little maids, whither away?"

"Out in the meadow to rake up the hay,
Out in the barnyard the chickens to feed,
Out in the orchard for apples we need,
Home in the evening the cows we will drive,
We're grandfather's helpers, we children five."

OAK FARM.

MY DEAR PAPA:

We are having such a happy time at the farm. The boys help grandpa in the barnyard. I help grandma and she calls me her little dairy maid.

It is such fun to gather apples in the orchard. Grandma makes us apple tarts of them.

Rover likes apple tarts. He sits by my chair at supper time. When he sees my tart, he pats my arm. This means, "Please share your tart with me."

The boys made a little cart. They take the butter and eggs to market in it.

Your loving little girl,

MARTHA.

WORD DRILL a̤ = ô

all	aw	au
ball	saw	haul
fall	paw	Paul
call	jaw	Saul
hall	law	Maud
wall	claw	fraud
tall	raw	Claude
stall	straw	fault
small	draw	vault
squall	thaw	cause
salt	lawn	pause
malt	fawn	gauze
halt	yawn	au-ger
walk	dawn	au-burn
talk	drawn	au-thor
stalk	shawl	Au-gust
chalk	crawl	Au-tumn

ą	ąugh	w-ąr
calling	aught	war
falling	caught	wart
walking	taught	warp
talking	naught	ward
hauling	naughty	warn
awning	daughter	warm
alter	ôugh	swarm
false	ought	warmth
squaw	bought	warble
awk-ward	brought	wharf
haw-thorn	nought	quart
Jack-daw	fought	quarter
craw-fish	thought	quartz

Call your pet fawn here, Maud.
Do not walk across the lawn, Paul.
Claude taught his par-rot to talk.

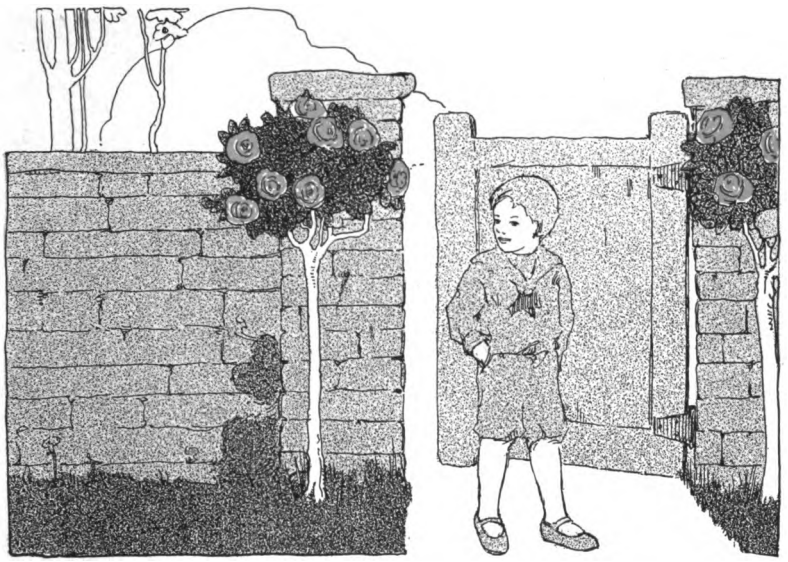
THE DISCONTENTED BALL

One day a little ball be-came dis-con-tent-ed with its lot. And when this hap-pens things always go criss-cross. Small matters seem big, and big matters small. So this day the little ball looked like this:

It began to com-plain like this:

"I'm left lying in the hall,
Or I'm banged against the wall.
And when flying high I know
I must always fall below.
And I'm tired of being batted so hard."

Then the ball said, "Next time I'm taken out I'm going to roll away." And it did. It rolled into a small hole, over against the wall.



Pretty soon Carl came quite close to the small hole where the ball lay. The hole was hidden by the tall grass, so Carl did not see the ball. He said:

"Ball, ball, where are you, ball?
I've hunted in the tall grass,
And all along the wall;
But I cannot find you anywhere
At all, little ball."

The boys kept calling Carl, who said:

"Just hear those big boys call:
'Hurry up and bring that ball!'
One would think to hear them talk,
It was lying on the walk;
But I cannot find it anywhere
At all, that ball."

Then Carl went farther and farther away; and the ball was left all alone.

Per-haps you re-mem-ber your kin-der-gar-ten song about the ball, where it says:

"Ask what it likes the best of all?
'I like to roll,' says the little ball."

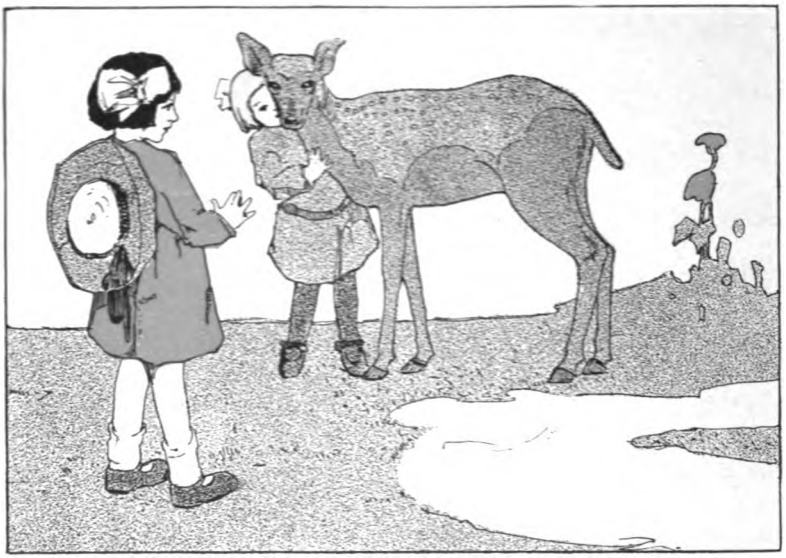
Now Carl's ball was in such a small hole it could not even stir, much less roll. So it soon got very tired of having to keep still.

It began to do some thinking. And before long it was wishing itself back in the hall, where it could roll from corner to corner; or could feel itself falling down to the soft turf be-low.

Instead of doing any of these things, which now seemed so good to the ball, it must lie cramped up in a small hole. It was already getting dark. And so the little ball looked like this:

Next morning the gardener cut the tall grass and found the ball. He called Carl, and rolled the ball to him. Then both Carl and the ball looked like this:

And the little ball was never again heard to complain of its lot.



AT THE FARM

We will visit our little folks at the farm this morning. They found all sorts of pets there. The girls have a pet fawn. The boys have a pet jackdaw. Mark is trying to teach the jackdaw to talk, but all he will say is, "Caw, caw!"

Daisy's pets are a pair of small, yellow goslings. She says to them: "Mind you keep near your mamma to-day, my little goslings! I saw a hawk in the old oak tree this morning. A hawk is not kind to little goslings!"

Martha's pet is the kitty. Martha says: "Come, my kitty; I am going for a walk. The fresh air will do you good. Let me put this little shawl round you, and play you are my baby. Take care, kitty! Your sharp little claws hurt me. Don't you like the shawl?"

Carl and Daisy think Rover makes the best pet. They harness him to the little cart. Mark taught Rover how to draw the cart.

Carl and Clair are playing hide and seek in the barn just now. "Crawl under this straw, Rover," says Clair. "Hark! Carl is calling us!"

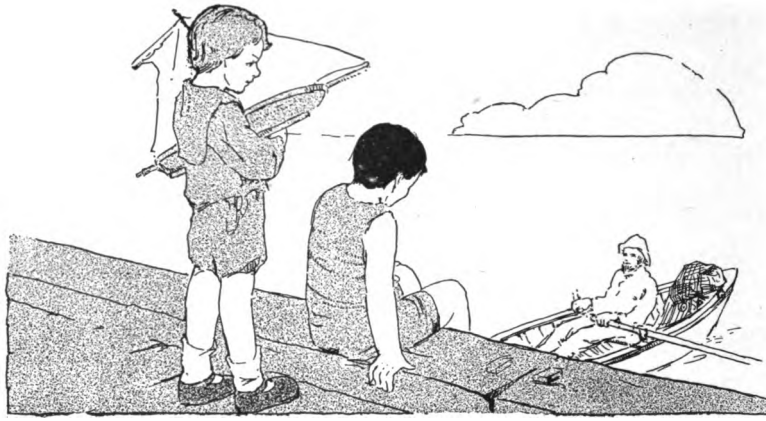
"I spy you, Rover!" says Carl. "I see your paw! You are under the straw, in the horse's stall!"

It is Clair's turn to hide now.

Watch him creep under that old awning! I think Carl and Rover will have hard work finding him!

GENERAL REVIEW

queen	singing	talked
throat	jerking	yawned
whale	staying	corded
preach	working	aired
tower	scorching	worked
thorn	awning	turned
chair	purring	salted
stall	needle	thawed
trunk	tangle	thanked
prism	thimble	squirmed
bought	ankle	sorted
blue	people	thrashed
whoa	shuffle	powdered
hawk	hardly	parted
stare	rarely	ordered
clown	shortly	chalked
thought	warmly	crawled



AT THE SEA-SHORE

"In August we will all go to the sea-shore," said mamma. So, every day, little Maud asked, "When will it be August?"

"Very soon now, little daughter," said mamma.

Paul and Claude, too, found it hard to wait for August to come. But it came at last, and brought the day when our little folks arrive at the beach.

Paul and Claude hurry off to find old Saul the fisherman. Little Maud is soon running along the beach, her sunny auburn hair flying in the wind, while the saucy little waves chase her bare feet.

Rex comes after her, barking with all his might. He thought she ought not to go so near the big sea. He caught her shawl in his teeth, and she fell over his big paws.

Swish! came a big wave, and caught them both!

"Oh, you naughty, naughty Rex!" said Maud. "I am all wet, and it is your fault!"

"Never mind, little daughter!" said mamma, "Rex is not naughty. He is

a kind old dog, because he tried to take care of you."

Paul and Claude have found old Saul hauling in his nets. Last fall he taught the boys to swim and dive.

Mamma bought the boys a fish net. They have brought it to show to old Saul. Claude caught a little crab in it, but he let it crawl back into the sea.

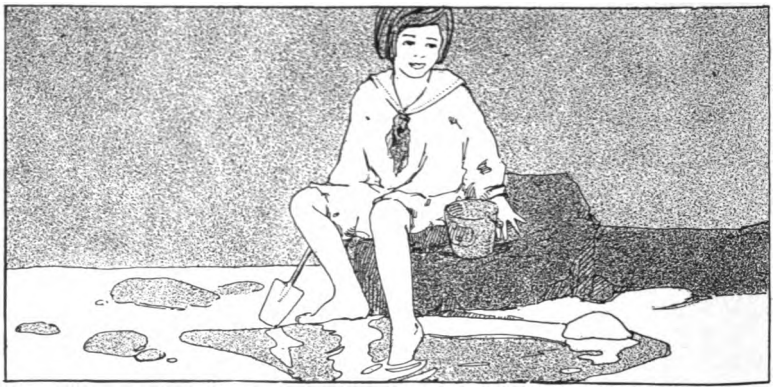
The boys take long walks. They bring home all sorts of starfish and sea urchins. Maud gathers shells and sea-weed along the beach. They are all sorry when Autumn comes, and they must leave the dear old sea.

BABY WAVE

Down by the sea where the great
waves roar,
I saw a baby wavelet running to the
shore.
"Where did you come from, dear little
wave?"
"I ran away from Mother, for I'm big
and brave."

Down by the shore where the breeze
blows free,
I saw a baby wave running back to
sea.
"Where are you going, dear little
wave?"
"I'm going home to Mother, going to
behave."

— ALICE D. PRATT.



JOHNNY AND THE WAVES

A little boy sat watching
The big blue sea one day.
He watched the white waves rolling
Up on the beach to play.

He watched a tiny wavelet
Come creeping up so brave.
He said, "Next time I'll catch you,
You saucy little wave!"

Then quickly with his shovel
He dug a hole so deep,
Another and another,
While close the wavelets creep.

So smoothly, swiftly gliding,
The little waves came near,
Until they reached the pitfalls,
When in they fell — O dear!

Then loud with glee *laughed* Johnnie,
As every hole filled high.
"*Ah, ha!* See now I've caught you!
You can't get out, — just try!"

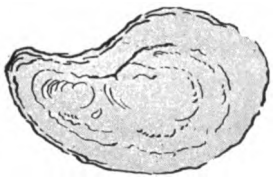
Our Johnnie was so busy
With digging holes so wide,
He did not look behind him,
Nor think once of the tide.

Up came a big white breaker,
And Johnny! — Where was he?
Ask of the tiny wavelets,
For they peeped out to see.

GENERAL REVIEW — SYLLABICATION

vel-vet	nick-el	om-ni-bus
mus-lin	man-tel	sep-a-rate
cot-ton	mat-tress	dif-fi-cult
clos-et	fail-ure	um-brel-la
tick-et	free-dom	cap-i-tal
styl-ish	den-tist	tel-e-gram
cof-fee	pas-ture	hos-pi-tal
gos-ling	blos-som	con-so-nant
nap-kin	vow-el	Jap-a-nese
tun-nel	ham-mock	daf-fo-dil
cray-on	trump-et	an-i-mal
dust-pan	tas-sel	con-tra-dict

WORD DRILL oy AND oi

oy		oi
boy		coin
joy	OYSTER	loin
toy	oil	join
Roy	boil	joint
royal	coil	point
oyster	toil	hoist
en-joy	soil	moist
em-ploy	spoil	joist
de-stroy	broil	noise
an-noy	oiled	oint-ment
joy-ful	boiled	coiled
annoyed	toiled	coined
destroyed	soiled	joined
employed	spoiled	pointed
enjoyed	broiled	hoisted

BOY SCOUTS

Roy is a happy boy to-day. He is to join Uncle Hoyt's Boy Scout camping party. So he is singing for joy.

Paul and Claude are also going. Roy is now on his way to join them.

They all scrambled into the big farm wagon. Then off they started.

As they went along Uncle Hoyt pointed out the poison oak. He told the boys to be-ware of it, as it might poison them and so spoil their trip.

After a long pleasant ride, they reached their camping ground. As they came near it Roy said, "How moist the soil is around here. There must be a spring near."

"There is," said Uncle Hoyt.

Then came a busy time setting up camp. Each boy had his ap-point-ed task. And, as many hands make light work, the camp was soon in order, and supper ready for the hungry boys.

They hoisted the flag, gave it three cheers, and sat down to supper. How they did enjoy it!

When bed time came, how pleasant it was to lie and look up at the stars, and to feel the fresh night air fan you to sleep. And what joy to be awakened at dawn by the sweet song of the lark!

Those were happy days! They were spent in long walks, in rowing, fishing, swimming, and all sorts of sports.

At night they would gather around the camp fire, sing songs, and listen to Uncle Hoyt telling stories.

Their favorite stories were those of King Arthur and his brave knights. The boys enjoyed hearing about the kind, brave deeds which these knights performed.

No one could be one of them

unless he was true, pure, brave and un-selfish.

"I wish there were knights now," said Roy.

"There are," said Uncle Hoyt. "Let me tell you about some of them.

"I saw a boy leave his play to mend a small boy's toy, which chased away the tears, and brought smiles of joy.

"Another boy carried his noisy wagon past a house that it might not an-noy a sick person.

"I saw a boy check the angry, unkind words which rose, in hot haste, to his lips. This boy fought, and *won*, the hardest battle of all.

"Oh yes, dear boys! there are as many *opportunities* to be true knights now as in days of old.

"Here is a good Boy Scout motto:

"Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all God's creatures you can,
Just as long as you can."

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

— TENNYSON.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There, to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—JAMES HOGG: *The Ettrick Shepherd.*

WORD DRILL o͝o

book
cook
hook
look
took
nook
foot
soot

BOOK

brook
shook
wool
good

wood
hood
stood
looked

Bo Peep, with her crook,
Fell asleep by a brook;
And dreamed that she stood
All alone in a wood.
A good little rook
Came and perched on the crook,
Cawed, cawed, till Bo Peep
Awoke from her sleep.

WORD DRILL ŌŌ

MOON

too		room
toot		broom
root		boom
boot	noon	loom
hoot	soon	bloom
shoot	spoon	gloom
coo	cool	tooth
coop	tool	booth
hoop	stool	smooth
loop	pool	groove
droop	spool	goose
stoop	food	loose
scoop	brood	choose
troop	roost	snooze
hoof	boost	bam-boo
roof	poor	bloomed

IN THE WOODS

Maud, Joy, and little Clair went to the woods with mamma yesterday. They took their lunch with them.

Maud took some toy dishes for her dolly. Joy took her book, and mamma took some wool to make baby a hood.

Mamma found a cozy nook under a

tall willow tree. The willow stood by the side of a brook. The wind shook the pretty pointed leaves into the brook.

Clair caught some of them as they went floating down the stream. He called them fairy boats.

While he was sailing his fairy boats, he heard a queer noise. "Oh, mamma, look!" said Clair. There stood a pretty sheep! She had come down to the brook to drink. Some of her soft wool had caught on a low branch. Joy saw a little bird fly down and take the wool.

"Oh, pretty sheep, how good you are!" said Joy. "You gave the bird wool for her nest, and you gave mamma wool for baby's hood."

"Oh, Maud! Play you are Bo Peep and I will be Boy Blue," said Clair. "This stick will do for your crook."

Then up she took her little crook,
And with it saun-tered to the brook;
Where the little sheep stood
In the green, shady wood.

When Bo Peep reached the brook,
And the sheep saw the crook,
Little sheep her-self took
To a far away nook.

Thus ended the play of Bo Peep and her crook.

Then mamma said, "Now, Boy Blue, blow your horn, and call them all to lunch."

WHAT THE SUN SAW

It was a very warm day in August. The poor flowers in the garden were drooping with the heat. The sun was right over the roof of a house. He said,

"Pretty soon I am going to peep into that room. I want to see what kind of children live there."

Then he heard a little girl say, "Look, mamma dear, it must be noon! The sun is right over the roof. Pretty soon it will shine upon the stoop. I will draw down the awnings to keep it cool."

The little girl is Joy. The boys had left their tools on the stoop. Joy put the tools away. She got a broom and swept the stoop. She brought out the rocking chair and a little stool.

Then she laid a shawl in one corner, for baby to sit upon. She brought out all sorts of toys, baby's pretty red ball, a string of spools, and, best of

all, some clean, cool sand and a spoon.

Then she said, "Now, mamma dear, come out on the stoop and rest. I will take care of baby.

"Come to sister, baby! We will make some sand pies. Oh, so many pies! You shall scoop up the sand with this big spoon. Then you can pat it, and make it all *nice* and smooth."

When baby saw all her toys on the stoop, she said, "Goo, goo." She put her little hands deep into the cool sand. She poured it out with the spoon, then she patted it all smooth again. How she did enjoy it! She soon forgot all about the poor little tooth which had been hurting her.

After a while she became sleepy. "Come, baby darling," said Joy. "Sister will rock you to sleep. We will sing "The Ferry to Shadowtown." This rocking chair shall be our ferry-boat."

The dear little baby soon went fast asleep. One little boot fell off, showing five little bare, pink toes.

Then the sun heard Joy's mamma say, "Thank you, daughter! You are my little sunbeam."

THE FERRY TO SHADOWTOWN

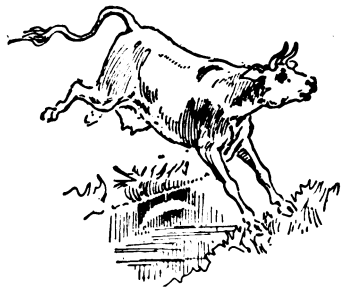
Sway to and fro in the twilight gray;
This is the ferry to Shadowtown.
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is coming down.

Rest, little head, on my sh*ou*lder, so—
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I, in the rocking chair.

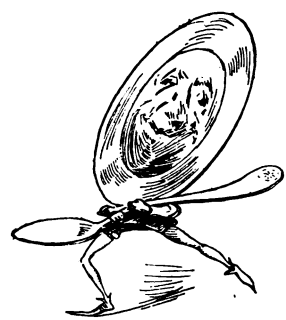
Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say "Good night!"
We have reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

—(Abridged) LILLIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

A MOTHER GOOSE JINGLE

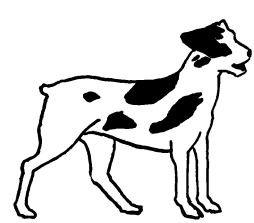


This is the cow that jumped over the moon.
This is the dish that ran off with the spoon.



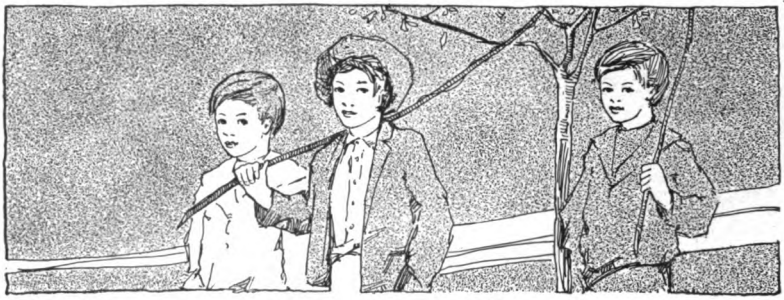
This is the mouse that

ran into the boot.
This is the owl that cried, "Hoot! hoot!"
This is the frog that lived near a pool.
This is the smart dog that sat on a stool.



This is the fox that ran after the goose.
This is the boy that let the fox loose.

This is the clown that jumped thr*ough*
a hoop.
This is the old hen, shut up in a coop.
These are her chicks, such a fat yel-
low brood.
This is the little girl, bringing their
food.
This is the rat that ran 'round the room;
If kitty sees him, 'twill be his doom.



Three little fishermen bold are we,
Going a-fishing, as you may see.
We'll fish all day while the sun shines bright,
Then home again in the cool twilight,
We three little fishermen bold!

Merrily whistling, onward they go,
Gay little Harry and Willie and Joe,
*Trudg*ing along *through* the meadows green,
Till they come at last to the rippling stream.
Good luck, little fishermen bold!

THE BROWNIES

Did you ever play out in a hay *field* on a fine summer day? These little folks think it is rare fun. Look at tiny Clair with that big rake. *Doesn't* he look like a farmer? Just see how hard he is working. I think he will soon have a big mound of hay ready for papa to toss into the hay wagon.

Papa calls Clair and Maud his little "Brownies." Do you know why? It is because the sun has made their cheeks and hands so brown. At first they thought this a queer name. But now every one calls them "Brownies."

The hay wagon is nearly *full.* What fun Maud and Clair will have riding home on it! Papa will toss them up on top of the sweet-smelling hay. Then home they will go to dear mamma.

You can see the farmhouse peeping up over the hill. That is where our Brownies live. It is such a pleasant place. The wide porch all around it keeps it cool on the warmest day. Here dear grandma loves to sit and *knit.*

The load of hay is going home now. Both Brownies are perched up on top. They see grandma on the porch. They are shouting to her as loud as they can.

When papa lifted the Brownies down, Rover began to jump about and bark for joy.

What are these coming up the walk to meet Maud? They look like a lot of little yellow balls. They are twelve baby ducks. They want their supper. They know Maud will give them some.

Good-by, happy little farmers. We hope to visit you again some day.

A RIDDLE

There's a queer little house
  That stands in the sun,
When the good *mother* calls,
  The children all run;
While under her roof
  It is cozy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle
  And bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer
  Little house *moves* away,
And the children run after
  So happy and gay;
But it comes back at night,
  And the children are fed
And tucked up to sleep
  In their warm, cozy bed.

This queer little house
  Has no windows nor *doors ;*
The roof has no chimneys,
  The rooms have no *floors ;*
No fire*places*, chimneys,
  No stoves can you see,
Yet the children are cozy
  And warm as can be.

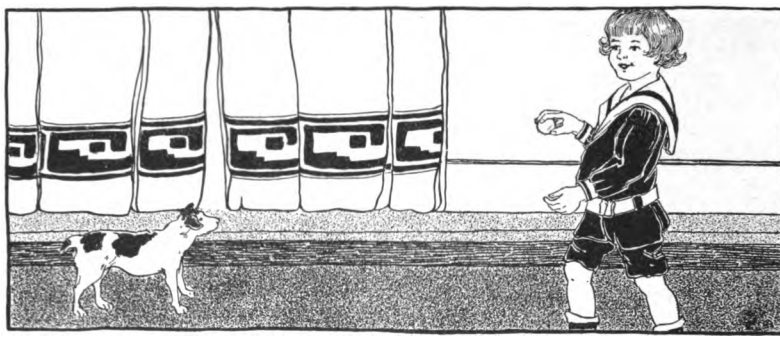
The story of this
  Little house is quite true;
I have seen it myself,
  And I'm sure you have, too.
You can see it to-day
  If you'll watch the old hen
While her downy wings *cover*
  Her chickens again.

WORD DRILL

S = C BEFORE e, i, OR y

cent	city	cy-press
center	cider	cy-clone
central	citron	cyl-in-der
cedar	cir-cle	bi-cy-cle
cell	cir-cus	fan-cy
cellar	cin-der	Nan-cy
celery	civ-il	mer-cy
ceiling	cis-tern	spi-cy
ice	Cecil	Lu-cy
rice	acid	jui-cy
nice	icicle	sau-cy
face	pen-cil	lacy
lace	citizen	flee-cy
race	de-cide	exer-cise
trace	re-cite	racing
dunce	Alice	bouncing

mice	dance	scene
slice	glance	gro-cer
spice	chance	par-cel
splice	France	con-cert
price	mince	bal-ance
twice	quince	ser-vice
space	since	no-tice
place	wince	suc-ceed
brace	Prince	re-ceive
Grace	ounce	re-cess
voice	bounce	re-joice
choice	pounce	ad-vice
Joyce	flounce	ex-cept
cease	force	si-lence
ce-ment	sauce	dancing
cem-e-tery	fence	placing
cel-e-brate	scarce	forcing
cer-tain-ly	peace	ac-cept



PRINCE AND DOLLY

Prince is a puppy. He belongs to Cecil, Grace, and Joyce. They have *great* times to-geth-er! But to-day Prince is not happy. He wants Cecil to run a race with him. But Cecil does not wish to race. He is trying to bounce his ball up to the ceiling.

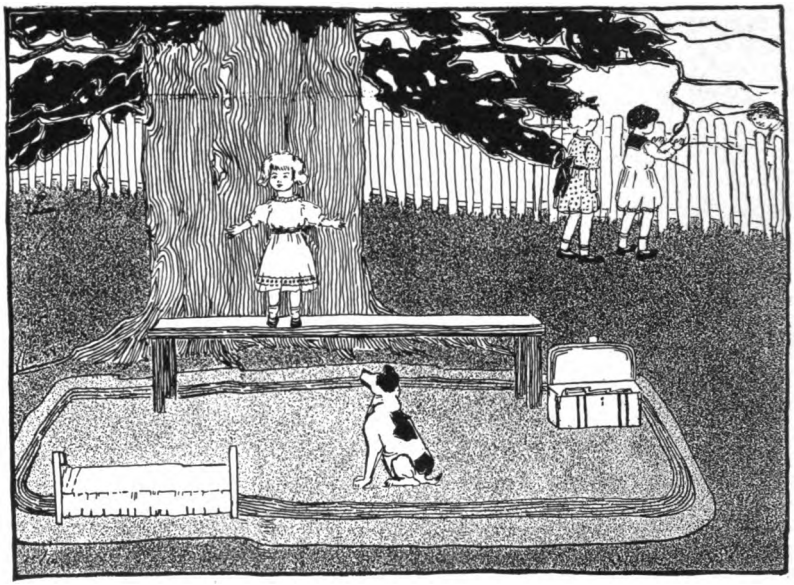
"Cease your whining, Prince," said Cecil. "Run out and play with Grace and Joyce."

Prince under-stood. He heard Grace's

voice in the yard, so he went there.

Grace and Joyce were playing house out under the big cedar. They were so much taken up with Joyce's *new* doll, they took no no-tice of Prince. This doll came from France. She can bow, dance, and balance herself upon her tip toes.

Poor Prince felt very lonesome be-



cause no one would notice him. A naughty thought came into his head. He de-cided to carry dolly off the very first chance he got.

Pretty soon his chance came. Grace and Joyce ran over to the fence to speak to Roy, who was passing by.

The dancing doll stood all alone in

the center of a table. She was balancing herself upon her tip toes.

Prince seized dolly with his teeth, crept under the fence, and ran down the cellar steps with her. He shook dolly, laid her face down, on the hard cement steps, and left her there. It was not a very nice place for a dainty, dancing doll; but Prince did not care for that. No one saw him but the mice, and they would not tell.

He bounded up the cellar steps, and went back to Grace and Joyce, wagging his tail with joy, as if he had done a good deed.

By this time the girls had missed dolly, and were in a sad way about it. Joyce was crying, and Grace and Cecil

were hunting everywhere for the doll.

They took less notice of Prince than ever. And dear me! how unhappy everyone did seem! At last something made Prince feel that his naughty act was the cause of it all.

Now Prince was really a good little dog, and he did not mean to make Joyce cry. So he crept under the fence again, went down the cellar steps, and came back with the doll. He laid it down at Joyce's feet, looking very much ashamed.

Dolly was all right, except the lace flounce of her dress, which was torn. But Joyce was so delighted to get dolly back she did not mind that.

Cecil said, "Naughty Prince to run

off with dolly; but nice good Prince to bring her back. Poor Prince! Come, I will race with you now."

So off they went! And, oh! Prince was a happy little dog, then!

KITTY GRAY

I have a little pussy cat.
Her name is Kitty Gray.
She is the dearest little pet.
And how she loves to play.

Her fur is soft, as soft as silk,
And gray as gray can be!
So giving puss a name to suit
Was easy. Don't you see?

My Kitty Gray is full of fun,
As most wee kittens are.
I couldn't tell you all her tricks;
'Twould take too long by far.

But this, the cutest one of all,
I think you'd like to know.
'Tis how she plays at hide and seek
With little Baby Joe.

She hides behind the big arm-chair,
Where baby cannot see.
Then out she springs! While little Joe
Just *laughs* and crows with glee.

Now, rising on her two hind feet,
With fore paws high in air,
She jumps and frisks and twirls about,
Then runs behind the chair.

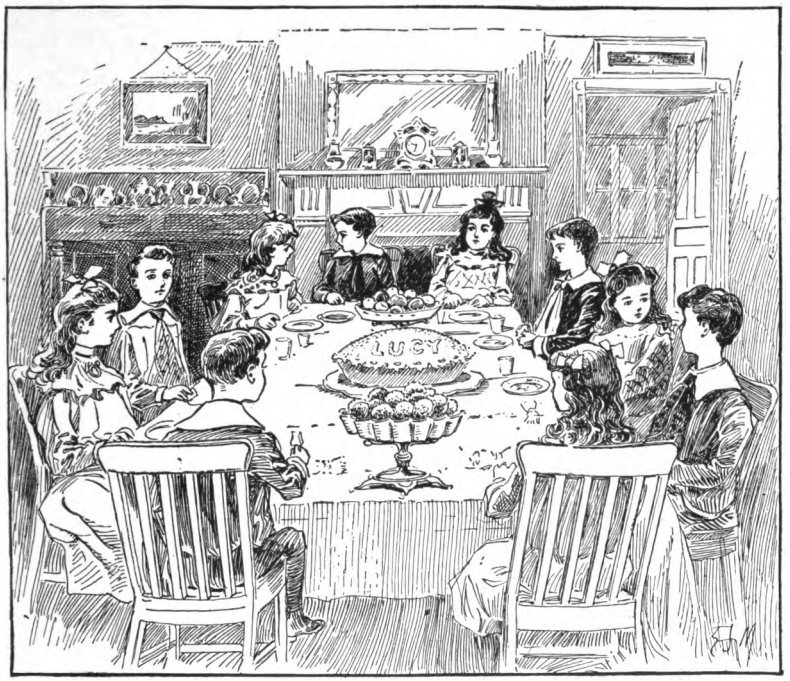
Dear baby after Kitty creeps,
As fast as he can scamper.
But Kitty is too quick for him,
And jumps into the hamper.

A PINK PARTY

Lucy lives on a farm. She was ten years old yesterday. Her mamma said Lucy could have a party on her birthday, or she could go to the city to see the circus. It took Lucy a long time to decide which it should be. At last she decided it should be a party.

Mamma said since Lucy would be ten years old, she might choose ten of her little friends, five girls and five boys. So Lucy decided to ask Maud, Mercy, Grace, Joyce, and Nancy; Claude, Clair, Carl, Roy, and Cecil.

Mamma said it should be a pink party. She made a big citron and



spice cake, with pink icing on top, and Lucy's name in the center.

There were big juicy peaches, the pinkest mamma could find, and pink ice cream, in fancy shapes, in pink saucers. There was a big ice cream mamma chicken in the center of the

dish, and a circle of little chicks around her.

Then there were pink pop-corn balls. Lucy popped the corn over the hot cinders, then mamma made it into pretty pink balls.

Lucy could hardly wait for her birthday to come. But it came at last, and so did Lucy's little friends, all except Nancy, who had hurt her foot.

Lucy said she would send Nancy the pinkest pop-corn ball, and a big slice of citron cake.

What a happy time the children had! They gathered wild flowers down by the brook. They played hide and seek and all sorts of games in the big barn. They had a long, happy afternoon.

Then Lucy's mamma called them in to supper. How pretty everything looked in the big cool room! The children thought it rare fun to eat ice-cream chickens!

Lucy said, "Oh, mamma! may Grace take one of the little ice-cream chickens to Nancy?"

Mamma said, "It is too warm to send ice-cream so far. By the time Grace got to the city, I think she would find the little chicken had run away. You may send some cake and pop-corn, and a nice little letter."

When the children said good-by, they all declared that Lucy's pink party was the very nicest they had ever enjoyed!

GENERAL REVIEW

surf	roasted	cut-let
soot	stooped	pub-lic
broom	halted	gos-sip
sprang	strolled	com-ic
berth	shrinking	oat-meal
shorter	morning	thou-sand
frighten	stinging	no-body
saucer	scarcely	con-cert
health	smoothly	crim-son
weather	harshly	daugh-ter
orchard	barely	bor-dered
oyster	beetle	car-pet-ing
price	tinkle	skel-e-ton
shark	shingle	en-vel-ope
choice	crumble	croc-o-dile
arbor	simple	a-rith-me-tic

WORDS IN WHICH G = J BEFORE e, i, OR y

gem	edge	gill
age	ledge	giant
cage	pledge	giraffe
page	hedge	gin-ger
stage	lodge	en-gine
large	dodge	ma-gic
charge	judge	mar-gin
change	nudge	reg-i-ment
range	plunge	gyp-sy
strange	forge	Egypt
hinge	badge	din-gy
fringe	agent	gym-nas-tics
ridge	pigeon	gen-e-ral
bridge	orange	gentle
huge	col-lege	George

THE LITTLE CHIPMUNK

George and Madge live far away from the noisy city. Their home is called The Grange. It is on the edge of the woods. Here the birds give a concert every day. And here George and Madge play with the little wild creatures of the woods.

Madge likes to stand on the rustic bridge, and watch the merry little brook beneath. It goes rippling and dancing along, until it comes to a ledge of rocks, then over it plunges.

If you cross the bridge you will come to a green open space. In the center is a large cedar. Here is where some of George's pets live.

When George gives a certain call a saucy little chipmunk appears. He comes half way out of his nest, then seems to change his mind, and dodges back. He comes again, gives a quick glance around, seems to decide there is no danger, then scampers over to George, and runs into his pocket.

George calls his chipmunk Midge.

When Midge finds the nut which George has put there for him, he will run with it up to George's shoulder, sit there and eat it, then scamper back for more. If he finds *none* he will

remain in George's pocket, peeping out at you with his large, bright eyes.

George and Madge have many more wild pets and many tame pets also. They have charge of the chickens, ducks, and pigeons. They love to hear the soft, gentle coo, coo of the pigeons. They never keep any of them in a cage. They like to play with them free and happy in the woods.

IN THE SPRINGTIME

Tripping lightly through the wood,
I met a maiden fair,
Talking to the little birds
Flying through the air.

"Do you think, my little maid,
That birdies understand?
Do you think you'll catch that one
So very near your hand?"

"Catch it? No," said little May;
"I would not, if I could.
Hark! Her mate is calling her,
Away back in the wood."

Then paused, with hand uplifted,
This little maiden fair,
Till a burst of happy song
Filled the morning air.

Song of birds at early morn,
Flowers all wet with *dew*,
Sunshine spreading over all,—
Who knows this joy? Do you?

A MORNING WALK

"What are you reading, Madge?" asked George.

"I am reading a fairy story about a giant and a magic goose. On the next page there is a funny story, called The Gingerbread Boy. Tell me where you and Gyp have been, George."

"Gyp and I went over the bridge and along the edge of the river. We came to a large, white house called The Lodge. A high hedge was around the garden. The garden came down to the edge of the river. A barge was going down the river.

"What is a barge, George?"

"A barge is a large boat."

"An old German is in charge of The Lodge. He came and talked to me over the hedge.

"He said that when he was my age

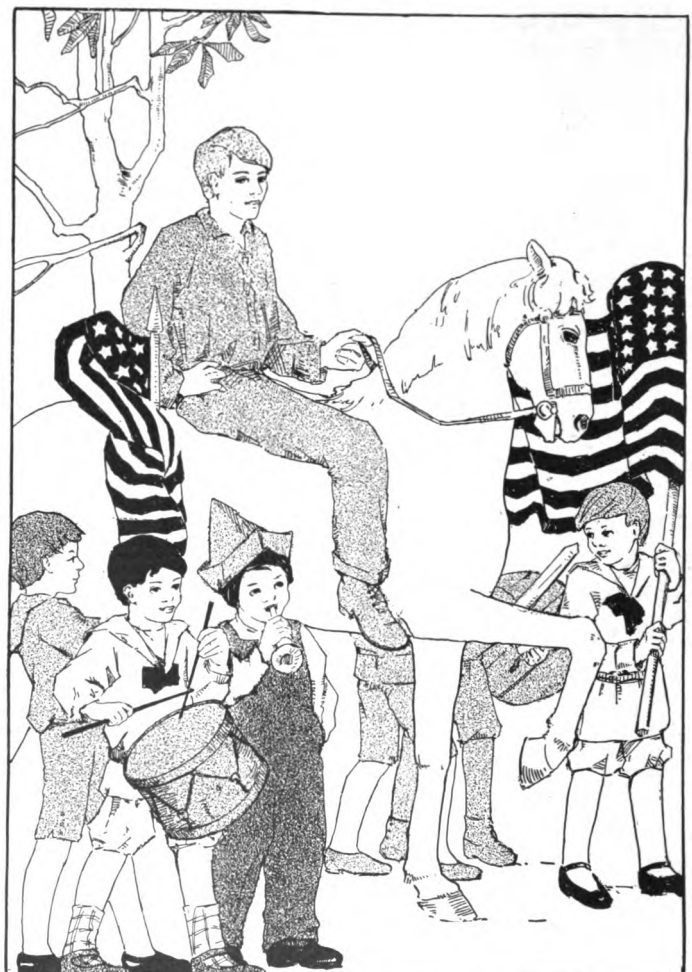
he had to travel in a stage coach. The coach would stop to change horses at places on the road.

"Near these places there would be a black-smith's forge, where they made horse-sh*oes*. The old German told me how he would watch the black-smith swinging his huge sledge hammer; and how the sparks seemed to be trying to dodge the sledge hammer.

"Then he told me about the first engine he saw. Such an engine would appear very queer now.

"On our way home we met a gypsy. How Gyp did bark at her!"

"Oh, Gyp! why did you bark at the gypsy?" said Madge. "Now I will read about the Gingerbread Boy."



OUR SOLDIER BOYS

See our soldiers, brave and hearty,
Marching on they come!
Harry with his bugle horn,
Bertie with his drum.

Captain Jack commands the army,
On his steed so fleet.
While his soldiers, true and trusty,
March along the street.

Banners waving, music playing,
*U*niforms so gay!
But for all this, they remember
Soldiering is not play.

To defend our own dear *coun*try,
Should the need e'er come,
They'll be ready, I don't dou*b*t it,
Every mother's son.

carrot	jolly	basket	nettle
cabbage	better	bantam	holly
butter	bitter	silver	blotter
coffee	chapter	timber	chopper
barrel	carry	trumpet	foggy
barrow	cannon	banjo	cellar
ladder	cottage	temper	center
rubber	canvas	thunder	bundle
banner	candy	blister	hammock
button	bodkin	ember	cobble
bobbin	gimlet	cattle	beggar
bonnet	filter	copper	hammer
cotton	ugly	collar	cluster
borrow	gather	dollar	yellow
bottle	merry	doctor	tender
bubble	narrow	napkin	yonder
custard	gallop	pillow	blanket

stamen	even	basin	final
fiber	equal	cider	closer
posy	over	taper	flavor
sago	oval	wafer	flaky
potato	ivory	labor	pilot
tomato	cozy	ripen	hero
climate	tidy	stolen	hotel
vapor	baby	sober	secure
hazy	lady	favor	secret
shady	lazy	moment	motor
foliage	soda	navy	vacant
hazel	bacon	fever	holy
gable	paper	miser	lilac
cocoa	razor	pony	tulip
notice	tiger	Mabel	clover
bugle	union	Eva	Fido
music	future	grocer	baker

SPRING FLOWERS

Ah, see the little crocus, come to tell
us spring is here;
And that tiny, bashful violet, shyly,
sweetly, peeping near.
The tulips, too, and lilacs are putting
out their leaves,
And the glossy coated ravens seeking
out their favorite trees.
The cedar and the ivy have changed
their winter coat;
And from that famous gable comes the
swallows' twittering note.

The glowing "daffodilly" opens wide
its calyx bright,
And the humble clover blossom is
waving in the light.
All nature seems rejoicing in the birds
and flowers gay;
And the children gather posies all the
happy livelong day.

DOLLY'S WASHDAY

We are little workers gay,
This you see is *wash*ing day;
On our washboards *new* and bright
We rub and rub with all our might.

Rubbing up and rubbing down,
Baby's bib and dolly's gown;
They shall be as white and clean
As any that were ever seen.

— *Child Garden.*

WORD DRILL ȯ=ŭ

none	honey	does
done	money	oven
son	monkey	govern
won	other	color
come	mother	cover
some	smother	comfort
love	brother	sponge
dove	another	among
glove	month	dozen
above	Monday	front
shove	nothing	wonder
shovel	worry	tongue
touch	couple	young
London	double	country
coming	trouble	sponged
shoveled	worried	wondered
touched	smothered	covered

SUMMER HOURS

Honey bee, honey bee!
Covered with gold!
Is it your money! Pray
what have you sold?
You nearly were smothered
in pollen, you say,
Crawling into that lily, just
over the way.

Humming bird, hover among the bright
flowers;
Nothing to worry you all the gay
hours!
A crimson flash in the
air you've hung,
Gathering sweets with
your darting tongue.

Here comes a butterfly, dancing along!
On wonder wings so gay and strong.

For fairyland he's surely bound,
Yet *once* he was only a worm on the ground!

When the fireflies light their lanterns bright,
I think you will all be asleep to-night.

While the nodding garden seems to say,
"Good night to another lovely day!"

BROWNIE AND THE COOK

There was once a Brownie who lived — where do you think? In a coal cellar! Is not that a queer place to choose for a home? Well, a Brownie is a queer creature — a sort of elf, or fairy, but not like the fairies, fays, and elves who invited Martha to their moon-light dance. This Brownie could not dance. He was a little house-hold elf. He liked to hide away in corners, and preferred to come out after dark.

Nobody had ever seen him, except the children. The grown folks sometimes called him Mr. Nobody.

The children declared Brownie came

to play with them when they were all alone. And a right jolly play-fellow he was, too, full of fun, and up to all sorts of queer tricks! But he never really harmed anybody.

Every night the cook used to put a bowl of milk behind the cellar door for Brownie's supper. She never once forgot to do this. But at last she went away, and a new cook came.

The new cook said she would not take the trouble to put a bowl of milk out every night for a Mr. Nobody. She did not believe in Brownies.

One night when Brownie looked for his supper, there was none to be found. Poor Brownie was so hungry! "I can't stand this," he said. "Since no-

body has brought my supper, I must try to find some for myself." So off he started.

Brownie opened the cellar door and peeped out. Every thing was so still and quiet! He was surprised to find the door unlocked. The old cook had always locked it every night. But the new cook was careless.

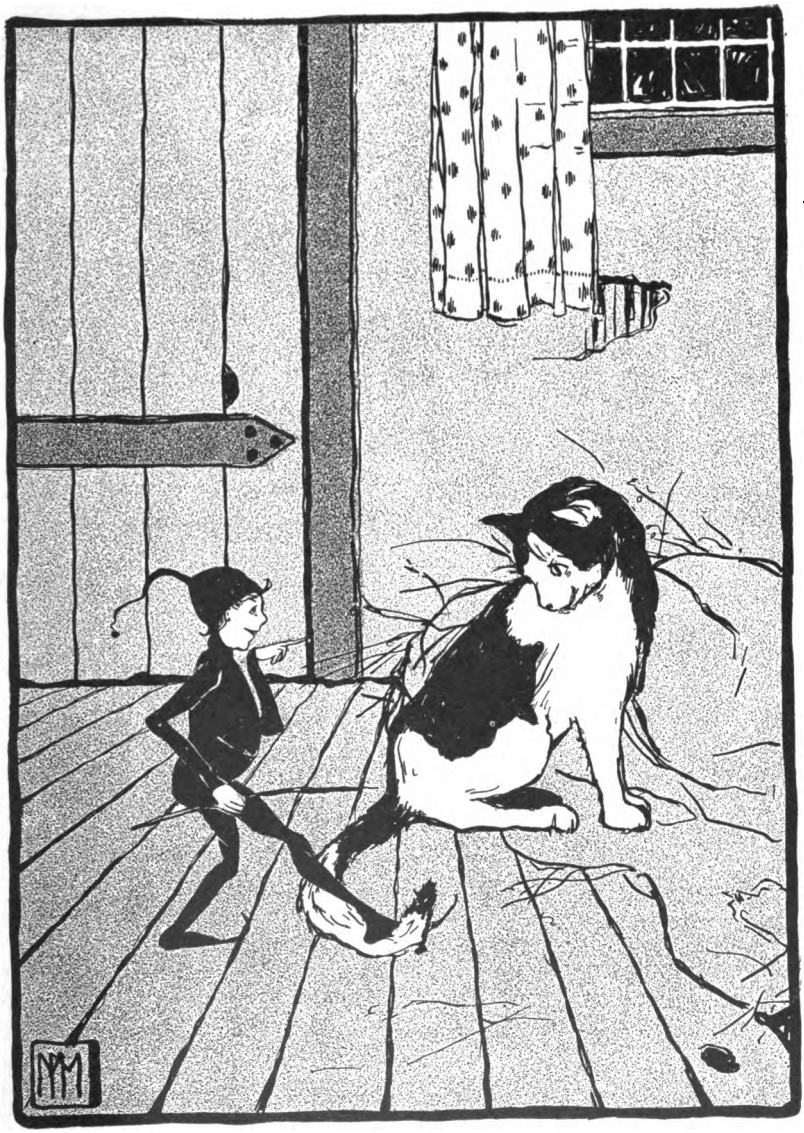
"Hurrah! here's luck!" said Brownie, as he tossed his wee cap up in the air. Then, bounding into the kitchen, he found — all spread out, as if waiting for him — the remains of a nice supper. He climbed up, ran all over the table, and ate up everything on it.

Now there happened to be a clean, white table cloth on the table; and,

you know, Brownie lived in a coal cellar; and so wherever he trod he left little black foot marks all over the table cloth. But Brownie did not care! In fact, I am sorry to say, he rather enjoyed making the cloth dirty.

When he had eaten everything on the table, he jumped down and began teasing the big black cat, Muff. He squeaked like a mouse or chirped like a cricket. This disturbed poor Muff so much that she went off and hid in the farthest corner of the kitchen.

Pretty soon Brownie heard a sound which might be Cook coming. Off he scampered to the coal cellar, and went to sleep for the day.



When Cook went to clear the food from the supper table — lo and behold! there was not a bite to be seen! The cheese looked as if a dozen mice had nibbled it down to the rind. Not a scrap of anything was left.

"And my clean white table cloth!" cried Cook. "What can it be?" she looked closely at the tiny black foot marks. They were just the size of a baby's foot. It was all very queer indeed! Cook began to be quite frightened.

Then she caught sight of Muff. "Oh!" she said. "It's you that have eaten up the supper. It's you that have been all over my nice clean table cloth with your dirty paws."

Then Cook got a broom and beat poor Muff. Muff could not speak, you know, and so she had to take the blame for Brownie's tricks.

The next night, to make sure that such a thing did not happen again, Cook shut Muff up in the coal cellar and locked the door.

When Brownie awoke at his usual time, ten o'clock at night, and found no supper, he decided to help himself again. But the cellar door was locked. Well! Brownies can do things which no one else can do. He decided he would change himself into a mouse, and squeeze under the door.

He was just about to do this when he saw Muff. "Oh, ho!" said Brownie,

"I must wait until Muff goes to sleep. When Muff was fast asleep, he changed himself into a mouse, and squeezed under the door. He then changed back into a Brownie.

He skipped into the kitchen, and found there even a better supper than he had found the night before. He went hopping all over the table cloth, making more black marks than ever.

When he had eaten up every scrap of food, he jumped off the table, and began teasing the puppy. When he tired of that, he changed into a mouse again, and crept back into the cellar.

Muff opened one eye, and was just going to pounce upon him, when he changed back into a Brownie.

When the cook again found all the food eaten, and saw the queer little black marks all over the table cloth, she was more puzzled than ever.

"It's the Brownie! that's what it is!" said the kitchen maid. "He'll do it again and again. You'll see! You had better do as the old cook did: clear the supper away, and put a bowl of milk in the cellar every night." "Nonsense!" said the new cook. But afterwards she thought better of it. Every night she put a bowl of milk behind the cellar door.

And no more little black foot marks were seen upon the table cloth. Brownie played no more tricks — until the next time!

BROWNIE AND THE CHERRY TREE

"Should you like to help gather cherries to-day, children?" asked mamma.

"Oh, yes, yes!" they cried.

"Well, you may. But Gardener must climb the tree, and do the picking," said mamma.

Now the gardener did not wish to leave his work to gather cherries. He was quite cross about it. The children felt this was going to spoil the fun. They knew, however, that things often turned out better than they expected. And, anyhow, the *surest* way to have a good time was to make the best of everything.

Just as the gardener was putting a ladder against the cherry tree, scolding all the time, a loud barking was heard. "There's that Boxer! He has gotten loose again! He will scratch

up all my plants!" said the gardener. He threw down the ladder, forgetting all about the children and the cherries. And off he started for Boxer.

The instant Gardener was gone a shrill, merry little laugh rang out, and Brownie peeped forth from the branches of the cherry tree.

"How do you do, children?" he said. "Didn't I bark well? I have come to play with you."

The children clapped their hands for joy. They knew they would have a happy time now. Brownie was the best little play-fellow in the world.

"Make haste!" said Brownie. "We must gather all the cherries we can before Gardener comes back." Then

he darted up to the tip top branches where the ripest cherries grew.

"Hold up your caps, boys. Hold out your aprons, girls," said Brownie.

The children laughed, and did as they were told. Down came a shower of cherries, hitting cheeks and noses, filling caps and aprons, and tumbling over into the grass. Then followed a merry hunt for the biggest cherries. Heads were bumped in the scramble, but this only made all the more fun.

The children selected the finest cherries, and with them filled a big basket for mamma. Then they all sat around in a circle, with Brownie in the center, and the feast began. Oh, dear! what a merry time they did have!

In the midst of the fun Brownie suddenly disappeared. The children looked up in surprise, and saw Gardener coming towards them. Then they understood. Brownies, you know, never stay around where grown folks are.

Gardener was crosser than ever. He had had his run for nothing. He found Boxer chained just as he had left him.

When Gardener saw that the cherries were picked, he began to scold and to ask who had climbed the tree.

"Nobody, except Brownie," said the children. "He picked the cherries."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Gardener. "There are no such things as Brownies."

But the children declared there were, and there was nothing to do but to take the children's word for it.

Abridged and partially adapted from
Adventures of a Brownie, by MISS MULOCK.

WORD DRILL ew

ew = u	ew = o͞o	u = o͞o
new	jew	true
dew	jewel	rude
few	chew	rule
hew	crew	ruby
mew	drew	Ruth
pew	grew	truth
yew	strew	ruin
blew	screw	cruel
flew	brew	gruel
slew	threw	fruit
stew	jeweler	bruise
steward	brewer	cruise
askew	strewed	spruce
stewed	screwed	Bruce
mewed	chewed	prune
hewed	brewed	tru-ant

ey, ei = ā	kn = n	wr = r
they	knot	wrist
prey	knee	write
obey	knelt	wrote
grey	know	written
weigh	knew	wreck
sleigh	knit	wren
neigh	knife	wrench
neighbor	knoll	wrap
eight	knock	wrapper
weight	knead	wriggle
freight	knob	wring
veil	known	wrung
vein	knitting	wringer
skein	knuckles	wrinkle
reins	knight	wrong
reindeer	knap-sack	wreath
veiled	knick-knacks	wretched

ph = f	gh = f	where ạ = ŏ
physic	laugh	was
phonics	cough	wasp
pheasant	trough	wash
photograph	rough	wand
Philip	tough	watch
Ralph	enough	waffle
Joseph	ụ	waddle
gopher	put	wander
orphan	pull	wallet
nephew	bull	what
camphor	full	swan
sulphur	puss	swamp
cipher	bush	swallow
elephant	push	squash
telephone	pulpit	squander
telegraph	butcher	quarrel
alphabet	pudding	quality

sta-tion	ques-tion	di-vi-sion
dic-ta-tion	men-tion	pos-ses-sion
va-ca-tion	por-tion	ad-mis-sion
re-la-tion	auc-tion	dis-mis-sion
sal-va-tion	no-tion	per-mis-sion
na-tion	mo-tion	con-fes-sion
car-na-tion	pro-mo-tion	ex-pres-sion
ac-tion	ad-di-tion	ex-plo-sion
at-ten-tion	po-si-tion	oc-ca-sion
in-ten-tion	in-vi-ta-tion	man-sion
col-lec-tion	rec-i-ta-tion	mis-sion
rec-ol-lec-tion	cau-tion	in-va-sion
ob-jec-tion	e-di-tion	ar-te-sian
sep-a-ra-tion	do-na-tion	ex-cur-sion
e-lec-tion	af-fec-tion	con-clu-sion
ex-cep-tion	di-rec-tion	im-pres-sion
de-scrip-tion	con-di-tion	ex-ten-sion
hes-i-ta-tion	re-cep-tion	con-fu-sion